

THE HARTFORD HERALD

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

KITCHENER CALM
WITH DEATH NEARAnd Soon Went Down In
Swirling Waters.

FRIGHTFUL SCENES WITNESSED

Survivor Of the Ill-Fated Ham-
shire Tells Thrilling Story
Of Disaster.

OCEAN MINE'S DEADLY WORK

London, June 22.—Details of the incidents on board the British cruiser Hampshire just before she sank off the Orkneys last week causing the death of Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, among many others, are given in an official statement issued here based on statements by the dozen survivors of the cruiser who were washed ashore on a raft.

"Between 7:30 and 7:45 p. m., the vessel struck a mine and began at once to settle by the bows, heeling over to starboard, before she finally went down about fifteen minutes after," says the report.

Efforts were made without success to lower some of the boats. One of them was broken in half and its occupants were thrown into the water.

"Large numbers of the crew used life-saving belts and waist coats, which proved effective in keeping them afloat. Three rafts were safely launched, and with about fifty to seventy men on each, got clear. It was daylight up to about 11. Though rafts with these large numbers of men got away, in one case, out of over seventy men aboard, only six survived. The survivors all report that the men gradually dropped off, even died aboard the rafts from exhaustion and exposure to cold. Some of the crew must have perished in trying to land on the rocky coast after such a long exposure. Some died after landing."

The last man who saw Earl Kitchener alive was Seaman Rogerson, a survivor of the Hampshire, who has arrived at his home near London.

"Of those who left the ship and have survived," said Rogerson, "I was the one who saw Kitchener last. He went down with the ship. He did not leave her. I saw Capt. Sa-vill help his boat crew to clear away his galley. At the same time the Captain was calling to Kitchener to come to his boat. Owing to the noise made by the wind and sea, Earl Kitchener could not hear him."

"When the explosion occurred Earl Kitchener walked calmly from the captain's cabin and went up a ladder on the quarter deck. There I saw him walking about quite collected and talking to two officers. Earl Kitchener was calmly watching the preparations for abandoning the ship, which were going on in a steady and orderly way."

"The crew just went to their stations, obeyed orders and did their best to get out the boats, but that was impossible. Owing to the rough weather, no boats could be lowered. What the people on shore thought to be boats leaving were rafts. The men did get into the boats as they lay in their cradles, thinking as the ship went under them the boats would float. But the ship sank by the head, and when she went under she turned a somersault forward, carrying down with her all the boats and those in them."

Does Sloan's Liniment Help
Rheumatism?

Ask the man who uses it, he knows. "To think I suffered all these years when one 25 cent bottle of Sloan's Liniment cured me," writes one grateful user. If you have rheumatism or suffer from neuralgia, backache, soreness and stiffness, don't put off getting a bottle of Sloan's. It will give you such welcome relief. It warms and soothes the sore, stiff painful places and you feel so much better. Buy it at any drug store, only 25 cents. Advertisement.

THE ABOLITION OF MAN A
PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE

Who was that dauntless stateswoman, worthy of stern Kansas of the fifties, who uttered the immortal phrase, "Man must be abolished?" She was of Kansas. Perhaps she was of the mighty days of Populism. At any rate, her stark words still rankle in the bosom of the sex to be abolished. Here was a counsel of perfection. In The Emporia Gazette a milder but still sinister attack on the Tyrant is made by "A Woman Who Votes." She writes that "the men will never again have

a right to smoke at banquets in Kansas." To live in Kansas may be a joy so consummate that the smoker will not miss the forbidden cigar. But coarser men, in non-suffrage States, may be forgiven for shuddering.

California bans another scourge: The women clubs of the Alameda district, in session recently, at Lodi, adopted a resolution for the restoration of the poll tax, but specified particularly that the tax should not apply to women.

So the Sacramento Bee, Where, where shall guilty man hide? These curtailments and burdens seem guideboards on the dark road to abolition.—[New York Times.

AN OPTIMISTIC CREED.

A writer in the Manufacturer's Record offers this piece of optimism: I would rather be an optimist, seeking the star that pierces the night of gloom or looking for the silver lining to the sable cloud, than be a pessimist, searching for fuel to heap upon the smoldering fires of despair.

I would rather snatch the sun-beam and weave it into song and laughter, than take the shadow and transform it into the mutterings of discontent.

I would rather take the prattle of innocent childhood and make it the guiding star of my pilgrimage, than take the wail of the disconsolate, and make it the siren toward which my barque should forever sail.

I would rather take the dimple from the rosy cheek of babyhood and endeavor to transplant it in perennial setting upon my own brow, than take the wrinkle from the face of the hopeless and make it a part of my own visage.

I would rather take the notes of nature's song birds and make them consonant with the melodies of my own soul than take the croakings of the toad and arrange them into jarring discords that should forever greet my ear.

I would rather take the rose painted by the hand of the Eternal Artist in tints of celestial beauty, and pin it on my breast, than take the seared leaf, blighted by the breath of the Frost King, and use it as a bower to portray my somber feeling.

I would rather chase the rainbow that spans the brow of evening, in quest of the fabled bag of gold, than seek assurance from sorrow by plunging into the murky waves from a lonely bridge.

I would rather watch the eagle in his spiral course to the vaulted blue than watch the slimy snake as he makes his crooked trail through the slush and mud.

I would rather be a Christian with faith in an omnipotent God, and with the star of hope ever drawing me to a better world, than be a pagan with no beacon light to beckon me beyond the confines of my earthly existence.

SPECIAL NOTICE
In regard to
OBITUARIES, RESOLUTIONS
OF RESPECT, &c.

The Hartford Herald has adopted a new rule in regard to Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, &c., whether written personally or for lodges, churches or individuals, and that is, we shall charge at the rate of five cents per line for all such articles, except obituary poetry, which will be one cent per word straight.

The amount, in cash or stamps, must accompany each article, or it will not be printed. Six words average a line in ordinary reading and every separate character or initial letter counts as a word. The heading and the signature both count one line each, even if they are only a word or two. All obituary poetry, straight through, one cent per word. This ruling applies to everybody alike, without any distinction.

Contributors please remember.

Joe's Diagnosis.

A colored man entered the general store of a small Ohio town and complained to the storekeeper that a ham that he had purchased there a few days before had proved not to be good.

"The ham is all right, Joe," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the other. "Dat ham's sure bad."

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

Joe reflected solemnly a moment and then suggested:

"Maybe it's done had a relapse."

—[Youth's Companion.

FOR SALE—A 1½ h. p. gasoline

engine. Practically as good as new. Will sell at a bargain.

F. L. FELIX,
Hartford, Ky.

17tf

CASEY'S COME-BACK.

(A Sequel to the Immortal "Casey at the Bat.")

The Mudville fans were sick and sore for many a summer day And through the gloom in Mudville town there shone no cheering ray. For the theme of every gossip, the talk in every hall, Was how the mighty Casey had failed to hit the ball.

And Mudville scorned the mighty man who failed to win the fray. They found their golden idol was made of common clay: They called him every epithet their scorn could conjure up, And everybody shunned him from the mayor to the pup.

That same old club came back one day that beat the Mudville nine. That same old pitcher graced the slab and smiled a smile benign. The Mudville fans looked on aghast, and 'twas with aching heart, For Mudville veterans didn't have a look-in from the start.

The baseball battle fiercely raged beneath a scorching sun, And in the last half of the ninth the score stood two to none; Then Flynn again hit safely, to the wonderment of all, And Blake again lambasted the leather from the ball.

Five thousand shouting fans went wild and beat the torrid air, Pop bottles showered the ground like rain and gleamed like diamonds there. They flashed the message to the town where whistles screamed like din, And e'en the church bells started loose and swelled the deafening din.

In the coacher's box the manager pranced wildly up and down. He challenged nations to a fight, he blessed the good old town. He yelled and whistled, pawed the air, and gave the tango dance, And then he stood as petrified—for now was Casey's chance!

His eyes shot toward the mourner's bench, where lonely Casey sat. His cap pulled deep upon his face, his teeth sunk in his bat. He saw the fire in Casey's eyes—he saw his look of hate— And then in accents hoarse and harsh he called him to the plate.

And from five thousand throats or more there rose a dismal groan. The faces in the stands went white, the bleachers gave a moan— A moan that had the sadness of the black and awful pit, For Casey—he who had lost that game—was asked to get a hit.

But Casey grimly grabbed his bat and at the plate he stood. The pitcher smiled, the catcher laughed behind his wiry hood, And Casey's face went red with wrath, and then grew deathly pale, For once he knew how feels the dog with a tin can at his tail.

The first one over was too wide, but the umpire called it "fair." (He ought to have been flayed alive and roasted then and there.) The second one was far too low, but the umpire yelled "Strike two," And round the soul of Casey the air grew strangely blue.

A deathlike stillness gripped the fans, and e'en the groans had died; There were no cheers for Casey now, but only "Drat his hide!" And again the pitcher loosed the ball, and again—but what was that? It sounded like the crack of doom—but it came from Casey's bat!

Ten thousand eyes then saw the ball, as if it had been shot From out of rifled cannon's mouth—and it traveled sizzling hot. It swirled aloft o'er centerfield into the sky's clear blue— It rapidly became a speck, then vanished from the view.

And then five thousand throats loosed up and yelled like men gone mad! Ten thousand arms waved furiously, and hats went to the bad. And from the blistering bleachers to the grandstand's swellest guy They wept and laughed and cursed and blessed till all their throats went dry.

Oh! somewhere in our baseball land the shadows thickly fall, The winds are sighing somewhere, and somewhere hangs death's pall. And somewhere hearts are breaking, and towns are reft of fame— But there is no gloom in Mudville, for Casey won the game.

—[Herman L. Schick, in Baseball Magazine.

FACTS ABOUT TIBET, THE
"ROOF OF THE WORLD"A Land Of Isolation and Mys-
tery—Travelers Bring Back
Harrowing Stories.

In the very heart of Asia, shut in by the two highest mountain ranges on the globe—the Kwen-lun and the Himalayas—lies Tibet, "the roof of the world." Its geographical isolation, the absence of means of conveyance, the dizzy and all but impassable heights that wall it around, have made of the country a hermit nation, practically unknown to the rest of the world. Even those who for love of adventure or love of humanity have braved the difficulties of travel, have been confronted with a degree of religious intolerance and fanaticism that made exploration practically impossible. No westerner, on pain of death, was permitted even to look upon Lhasa, the religious capital. The few daring travelers who, taking their lives in their hands, sought in disguise to reach the sacred city, came back baffled and defeated, with harrowing stories of hardship and peril.

Among the first to penetrate this closed land were missionaries, always the pioneers of exploration. Not to speak of the journey of Odoric, the Apostle of Tartary, in 1330, two Catholic fathers reached Lhasa in 1845, only to be arrested and sent to Canton. Since that time attempts to open Tibet to the gospel have been numerous and, indeed, constant. The Moravian brethren, the China Inland Mission, the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, and a number of Scotch and English societies are among those that have laid siege to the country in the name of Christ. While no station has yet found footing on strictly Tibetan soil, yet a cordon of missionary posts, two thousand miles long, has been drawn around the country. Here the missionaries are working chiefly among Tibetan people. They have prepared Tibetan grammars and dictionaries and have published

the New Testament in their language. Thus the base line has been established for the Christian conquest of this great and needy land, with its five million destitute people.

Among the most interesting of these remote stations is that of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, at Batang, just a few miles from the border. Here Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ogden, Dr. and Mrs. William Hardy, and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Baker, good, red-blooded Americans all, are cheerfully laying down their lives for the uplift of this needy people.

A Fine Pearl Found.

Tom Johnson, a mussel fisherman, of Henderson, found a pearl a few days ago, twice the size of a large pea. Local jewelers value the stone at \$500. It is one of the most perfect pearls ever found in the Ohio river there.

Mussel fishing in the Henderson section is better this year than for a number of years. Last week six carloads of shell were shipped to Muscatine, Ia.



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HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and
Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

HUSBAND RESCUED
DESPAIRING WIFEAfter Four Years of Discouraging
Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave
Up in Despair. Husband
Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write for: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.

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